Keep Nothing From Mother.

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other was young—
A golden and silver head.

At times, the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet;
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer;
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they two sat spinning there.

'And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou must not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And ah! woe that this must be!
The song of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one.
There's one thing thou must fear—
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear.

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister." said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is. that when I have Kit out, I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."

I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's shoes as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctiliously; for instance, when Jack has Kate at a company, and asks her for a certain dance, and afterward discovers that his bright particular star can give him that dance and no other, he does not consider that fact a sufficient excuse for taking Miss Dare and leaving Kate. He takes Kake in to supper, himself, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of being left to the tender mercies of any one who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares that she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than *almost* any one else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favorite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a teacup and saucer, or embroider him a nat-band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favorite violet perfume. Best of all, he *talks* to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action toward their sisters that Jack does toward his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness, and courtesy, and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.—*Christian at Work.*

A BRAVE ENGINEER.

Not long since a railway train, loaded with over six hundred passengers, was running across New Jersey. By some mishap to the machinery, a back draft drove the steam and flames into the cab and forced the fireman and engineer to retreat from the locomotive to the baggage car. The tender was set on fire, and the train dashed along without control.

An attempt was made to get to the air brakes in the rear of the train, but the block of frightened passengers interposed an obstacle that could neither be penetrated nor surmounted. Seeing the destruction that threatened the six hundaed lives, the engineer, Joseph A. Sieg, rushed through the smoke and flame back to the burning cab.

Nearly a minute passed—it seemed an age to the paralyzed passengers, penned up, and swiftly rushing to a horrible death—and then the train stopped. The passengers knew that the engineer had succeeded in putting on the air brakes and in reversing the engine.

The stopping of the train allowed the flame to shoot upward and to disclose the tender. A man's head was seen in the water-tank. Two men rushed forward and lifted out the half-consumed engineer.

He had jumped in the water to extinguish his burning clothes. His flesh was scorched all over his body, and from both hands it hung in shreds.

In three days he died, a martyr to duty.

Our railroads have developed a class of men as peculiar in manner and speech as the old tars of fifty years ago. And they are as brave, too, when duty calls them to risk life or limb. Engineer Sieg was a good type of a noble class of men.

The writer of these paragraphs knew an engineer who saved his passengers by deliberately going down, with his engine, into a yawning chasm. He was running on the Cincinnati and Marietta road, which was then made extra hazardous by the high trestles erected over wide ravines.

One day, as he was descending a downward grade, he saw that the trestle which bridged a gulf over a hundred feet deep had twisted out of line. He could easily have saved himself, as the fireman did, by jumping.

But he whistled "down brakes," reversed the engine, and went down, with his hand on the trottle-valve. He saved his passengers, for the cars stopped on the abyss. They found him at the bottom, with a broken thigh, arm, collar bone and ribs. Thanks to the skill of American surgery, he recovered.

It is well for passengers to think of these facts when they see the grimy man, with soiled clothes, looking out of the cab-window.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW THE WAR BROUGHT THE PEANUT INTO PROMINENCE.

Norfolk is now the largest peanut market in the world, except Marseilles, France, and the peanut trade here has grown to be an important feature of our commerce. Besides numerous commission houses, where they are handled, we have two large cleaning establishments which employ some two hundred hands and have a capacity for cleaning about one thousand bushels per day. The cleaning process is simple. The peanuts are first placed in a large revolving drum, which takes off the dirt and the rough surface. Thence they are passed through brushes which polish the surface and finally over a series of canvass strips in motion, about which a number of hands stand and assort them as they come along, picking out the faulty ones and allowing the choice peas to find their way into bags.

The peanut is a native of Africa, though it has never had the advantage of an emancipation act and is still bought and sold as a commercial commodity. It has, however, materially improved its condition by coming to a civilized country and is now much larger and daintier than its African brother, or, let us say, progenitor.

The African article was once largely imported to this country, but it is no longer a favorite with us and an invoice of African peas shipped to New York last year was not marketable. The variety now finds its market in Marseilles, where it and the Indian cotton seeds are manufactured into olive oil and imported to this country so that in point of fact the African pea does find its way to America still.

Seriously, it is a little singular that the war which was waged for the emancipation of the black man should have brought the peanut into prominence Up to this time peanuts were not grown to any appreciable extent as an article of traffic, and their commercial value is post bellum. The Yankees tasted the dainty nut during the war and while they did not become so fascinated with its delicate flavor as did the soldiers of Xenophon with the lotos, they fell so much in love with it as an article of diet that as soon as they returned to their homes in the North they began to clamor for it, and the Southern farmer turned his attention from the negro to his neighbor, the peanut, and soon the growing of peanuts came to be a great industry in portions of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

SCHEDULES.

PETERSBURG RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT, PETERSBURG VA., October 13, 1882.

COMMENCING Monday, October, 16, 1882, trains on this road will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH,
Boston & Savannah Fast Mail
(Stops only at Relfield)

Leave Petersburg daily at	4:09 p. m
Arrive at Weldon at	5:54 "

NEW YORK EXPRESS,

Leave Petersburg daily at	1.00 P. M
Arrive at Weldon at	3.19 P M

Freight.

Leave Petersburg (ex'pt Sun	5:30 p m
Arrive at Weldon at	11;00 a m

GOING NORTH
Boston & Savannah Fast Mail.

Leave Weldon daily at	12:05 A. M
Arrive at Petersburg at	2:23 "

NEW YORK EXPRESS.

Leave Weldon daily at	1.10 P. M.
Arrive at Petersburg at	3.24 P. M.

Freight.

Leave Weldon (ex Sun.)	2 00 p m
Arrive at Petersburg	7 33 p m

First-class coaches will run through between Wilmington and Washington and sleeping cars on night and day trains Sleeping car berths can be had for one dollar from Richmond to Baltimore. No change of cars.

Through tickets sold to all Eastern and Southern points, and baggage checked through.

W. J. BROWN, Dispatcher of Trains
R. M. SULLY General Superintendent
W. P. TAYLOR, Gen. Ticket Agt.

OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT TRANSPORTATION,—S. & R. R. R. Co. Portsmouth, Va., November 7th, 1879.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE!

On and after MONDAY, November 10, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE PORTSMOUTH DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

Mail train at	9 25 A.M
Accommodation Train	2 00 P.M

ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

Mail train at	5 45 P. M
Accommodation Train	11 53 P.M

Mail train connects at Weldon with the Mail Trains of the Wilmington & Weldon and Raleigh and Gaston Railroads.

And on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at Franklin, with steamer for Edenton, Plymouth and Landings on Blackwater and Chowan rivers and for Washington and stations on Jamesville and Washington Railroad.

Through tickets on sale to Tarboro, Goldsboro, Newbern, Wilmington, Columbia, Augusta, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, Fernandina, and all points in Florida, Raleigh, Hamlet, Charlotte, Statesville, Marion, Hickory, Old Fort, Asheville, Warm Springs, Atlanta, Macon, Montgomery, Columbus, Mobile, New Orleans, and all points in South and southwest.

Freights received daily, except Sundays, from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. E. G. GHIO, Superintendent of Transportation.

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R. Co., OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT, WILMINGTON, N. C. My. 14, 188 .

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

GOING NORTH.

Express, Passenger and Mail trains.

No 47

Leave Wilmington daily, at	6.40 A. M
Arrive at Goldsboro, at	9.48 A. M
" Enfield at	12:07 p m
Arrive at Weldon, at	12.50 P M

No. 43. Fast Mail.

Leave Wilmington at	5:35 p m
Arrive at Enfietd at	11:19 a m
" at Weldon at	12.00 a m

GOING SOUTH.

Express, Passenger and Mail trains.

No. 48.

Leave Weldon daily, at	3.37 P. M
Arrive at Enfield at	4:43 p m
Arrive at Goldsboro, at	6.43 P. M
Arrive at Wilmington, at	9.55 P. M

No. 40. Fast Mail.

Leave Weldon	6: 10 p m
Arrive at Wilmiugten at	10:55 p m

TARBORO BRANCH ROAD.

Arrive at Tarboro 1:10 p m & 8 30 p m
Leave Tarboro 9 00 a m and 3 00 p m

The day train makes close connection at Weldon for all points North, via Bay Line, daily, except Sunday, and daily via Richmond and all rail route.

Night train makes close connection at Weldon for all points North, via Richmond. Sleeping-cars attached to all night trains.

JOHN F. DIVINE. General Superintendent.
A. POPE, Gen'l Pasen'r Agt.